

In September 1996, Renee Nolan, a college sophomore at Seton Hall University, was diagnosed with an inoperable brain tumor. Radiation and chemotherapy treatments forced her to leave college and an experimental treatment left her paralyzed on her right side.

Despite her illness and many setbacks, this courageous woman has continued her valiant fight, regaining some movement in her right hand and learning to walk again. Renee received tremendous support from friends that deserve recognition.

Daniela Matria, Beth Reynolds, Jennifer Franke, Jennifer Kelleher, and Alexis Smith of Boonton, New Jersey, and Donna Polizzi and Domenica "Mimma" Avena of Lincoln Park, New Jersey, have all been friends with Renee since their grade and high school days. When Renee's friends learned of her devastating illness, they began one of the most touching and determined crusades that I have ever known.

Immediately, Renee's friends made and randomly passed out fliers, set up a bank account, and rented a post office box to receive donations. Then, they sponsored a dinner dance to honor Renee and to raise additional money to help defray Renee's growing medical expenses.

Since June of 1997, this amazing group has raised approximately \$32,000 for their friend and her family. Of even greater importance to Renee, these devoted friends have provided continual and invaluable moral and emotional support. When Renee is well enough, they plan outings. When she is not, they are with her at home with ice cream, games and smiles to help her and her family keep their spirits up. When Renee is most ill, they help nurse her.

This group of friends, all college students, have visited Renee daily at home or in the hospital, cooked for her family, and taken Renee back to Boonton High School, where she was once co-captain of the cheerleading squad. They have given selflessly of themselves, by any standard, often giving up their college and social activities to be available for Renee and her family.

It is heartwarming to see the selfless dedication with which these women have acted for their friend. In fact, as a result of her experience with Renee, one of the young women has changed her college major to nursing, so that she can better continue her legacy of caring.

These young women were recently honored by the New Jersey State Assembly and by Governor Christine Todd Whitman. This proved to be an especially moving and encouraging experience for Renee and her family.

Mr. Speaker, I know that all of my colleagues in the House join me in congratulating and thanking these exceptional women and friends, and that you will also join me in wishing them, Renee and her family well.

#### TRIBUTE TO EDUARDO PALACIOS

#### HON. HOWARD L. BERMAN

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Wednesday, February 4, 1998*

Mr. BERMAN. Mr. Speaker, I am honored to pay tribute to my good friend Eduardo

Palacios, who for 27 years has been a bonafide hero to hundreds if not thousands of immigrants in the San Fernando Valley. In 1971, Eduardo started an immigrant rights and resource clinic in a tiny one-room office in the City of San Fernando. Today these kinds of centers are common, but that wasn't the case in the early 1970s.

Eduardo was motivated by humanitarian concerns and a strong sense of Chicano pride. He witnessed Mexican immigrants who were being exploited by unscrupulous businesses. Language and culture prevented many from seeking or receiving help. By offering his services, Eduardo filled a huge need.

Soon after opening, the clinic moved into a room with a couple of desks and file cabinets in Santa Rosa Church. The clinic adopted the name Immigration Services of Santa Rosa. Using a corps of dedicated volunteers, Eduardo expanded the clinic to include job referrals, medical assistance, food and shelter. He was doing everything possible to provide his clients with the tools to make a good living in this country.

It's hard to believe that Eduardo was doing this work while employed full-time at Harshaw Chemicals. In 1983, he left his job with Harshaw to devote himself to assisting immigrants. Two years later Immigration Services of Santa Rosa was accredited by the Board of Immigration Appeals, which led to more clients. The timing could not have been better; new arrivals were now coming to Southern California from Central America as well as Mexico.

Immigration Services of Santa Rosa is a family affair. In 1988, Eduardo hired his daughter, Victoria Aldina, as Assistant Executive Director; three years later his son, Carl Alan, joined the organization as Administrative Director. Together the Palacios have been a godsend for Spanish-speaking immigrants.

I ask my colleagues to join me today in saluting Eduardo Palacios, a leader in the effort to improve the lives of immigrants. His compassion, sensitivity and extraordinary energy inspire us all. I am proud to be his friend.

#### SOLVE OUR NATION'S NUCLEAR WASTE PROBLEM

#### HON. CHARLIE NORWOOD

OF GEORGIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Wednesday, February 4, 1998*

Mr. NORWOOD. Mr. Speaker, before the larger issues of election year politics and balancing the federal budget eclipse this short legislative cycle, there is an urgent need for Congress to solve the nation's nuclear waste problem.

For 16 years, we have witnessed the Department of Energy's (DOE) hesitation to move this project forward, despite a clear statutory obligation established in the Nuclear Waste Policy Act of 1982. As we are aware, January 31 marked the deadline for DOE to begin accepting used nuclear fuel from nuclear power plants and defense facilities in 41 states and storing it in a single, federally monitored location.

This failure by DOE to act is simply irresponsible. I can find no reason that the department has disregarded the deadline other than a slate of serious consequences or the

miscarriage of its fiscal duty and unconscionable behavior.

For one, DOE had a clear obligation to accept used nuclear fuel, not only according to a federal statute, but also according to federal court. In two rulings since 1996, a federal appellate court reaffirmed DOE's legal obligation to take nuclear fuel under a contract with electric utilities.

As if those rulings were not enough, DOE's offense could land it in court again—this time to defend challenges that utilities and electricity consumers are entitled to a full refund, plus damages for financing a disposal program that never materialized. Those damages could amount to \$56 million by some estimates. Where will that money come from? Taxpayers, no doubt. Whatever the source, one thing's for certain—any refund or damages owed to utility customers undermine this Congress's efforts to balance the federal budget. It also puts all taxpayers at risk of paying a hefty lawsuit for capricious delays.

For these reasons, it is essential that the House and the Senate leaders appoint conferees to negotiate minor differences in the nuclear waste reform bills passed overwhelmingly by both chambers last year.

I urge my colleagues to pass this legislation as early as possible, so that it is not obscured by other weighty matters that await us this session. Let us solve the nuclear waste problem swiftly, for the sake of taxpayers—our constituents—who have already sent \$14 billion to the Nuclear Waste fund without getting anything in return.

#### A GIFT

#### HON. STEVE C. LATOURETTE

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Wednesday, February 4, 1998*

Mr. LATOURETTE. Mr. Speaker, as a proud co-sponsor to H.R. 1500, America's Red Rock Wilderness Act of 1997, I would like to insert the following poem, written by Ms. Anna Taft on October 27, 1997, into the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD:

The desert gave me a package: a pile of sand wrapped in a bundle of cottonwood leaves. This gift contains a mixture of all the medicine of this land. It has red and white powders from slickrock sculptures, crushed juniper berries and pinon nuts, tiny bits of cryptogamic castles, damp sand from deep canyon streams, desert varnish from narrow blackened slots, and minuscule shards of Anasazi cookware. All blended together, its contents are no longer discernible, but it smells distinctly of triumph over adversity, of trees sprouting up far from water, of pot-hole creatures emerging from dormancy as raindrops rehydrate their world, of topographic contour lines at last clicking into place to match landforms, of hikers passing packs past the last ledge to reach a canyon rim, of warm sleeping bags inside a megamid covered with snow, of evaporation off of hot bodies as they emerge from a sweat lodge into cold night air, of a group of people learning to live together in harmony in the desert, of balance, neither superabundance nor emptiness. This bundle is wrapped tightly, but as I travel its leaves will start to come apart. The sand inside will spill out, spreading its magic through all the places I go. Everyone I meet will smell the job of accomplishment, the peace of harmony. One or